

VISIT...

LANZAROTE
Caliente.COM

WASTED

Words and Music by TROY VERGES,
MARV GREEN and HILLARY LINDSEY

In a steady four

N.C.

mf

Stand - ing at the back door, she

Fm



tried to make it fast.

One tear hit the hard - wood.

Db



felt like bro - ken glass.

She said, "Some - times love slips a - way and you just

Eb



can't get it back.

Let's

face it."

Ab



Ab



For one split sec - ond she
oth - er glass of whis - key, but it

Fm

al - most — turned a - round, but that would be like pour - ing rain - drops
still don't — kill the pain. So, he stum - bles to the sink — and

Db

back in - to — a cloud. So, she took an - oth - er step — and said, "I
pours it down — the drain. — He said, "It's time to be — a man — and stop

Eb Ab

see the way — out — and I'm gon - na take it."
liv - in' for yes - ter - day. Got - ta face it."

'Cause

'Cause I don't wan - na spend my life jad - ed, wait - in' to

Fm7

wake up one day and find that I've let

D $\flat$ E $\flat$ A $\flat$

all these years go by wasted.

1

2

An - Oh, I don't wan-na keep on wish -

Fm7

- in', miss - in' the still of the morn-ing, the col - or of the night. I ain't





spend-in' no more time wast - ed.






She kept







driv - in' a - long till the moon and sun were float - ing side by side.






And he looked in the mir - ror and his eyes were clear







for — the first time — in a while, hey, — yeah. —

Oh, — I don't wan - na spend my life jad - ed, wait - in' to



wake up one — day — and find — that I've let





— all these years — go by — wast - ed. —

Oh, I don't wan-na keep on wish - in', miss - in' the

still of the morn-ing, the col - or of the night. I ain't spend-in' no more time

wast - ed. Oh,

ed.

Optional Ending

Repeat and Fade